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STELLA AND VANEZZA.

THESE two names will suggest to many of our readers a chapter of romance in the life of Swift, which was long almost unknown to the world, and is even yet shrouded in mystery.* It is generally known that the aspect of this illustrious author was as harsh and repulsive as his abilities were great, and that, partly from nature and partly from bad habits, his manners were by no means amiable. At least he was not consistently amiable: he could be kind and benevolent at times, but he was often otherwise; and perhaps the most disqualifying of all things for social life is want of uniformity of temper. It is also evident from his writings that his mind was as coarse as it was powerful. Though cleanly in his person to a degree of singularity—inasmuch that he would exhaust himself with long walks under an idea that perspiration had a purifying effect on the skin—and though he was, to all appearance, practically a rigid moralist, he indulged, in his compositions, and, it is to be feared, in his conversation also, in a strain of grossness which cannot now be regarded otherwise than with absolute loathing. Notwithstanding these qualities, there have been few men so much distinguished by the attachment of amiable and virtuous women as this great satirist. It forms the grand feature of his domestic history. Fully beloved thrice—devotedly, passionately, twice—and on both of these last occasions by women far beyond the average of their sex in personal elegance and mental accomplishments—we are lost in wonder at the unaccountable fascination which he seems to have exercised over the female heart; nor does the feeling cease till it is absorbed in one of another kind, astonishment at the coldness with which he rewarded affection so pure and so true, and at which most men would have been eager to grasp.

Swift's first love affair was with a Miss Waryng, the sister of a fellow-student. He was under thirty, and unsettled in life when it began, and the too frequent result of a *long engagement* attended it: what was postponed at first from prudence, was finally (after seven years) abandoned in consequence of changed affections, or changed views, on the part of the lover. One fact, however, of some importance, is established by the slender records of this attachment. It fully appears that Swift earnestly loved Varina, as he called Miss Waryng, and at one time urged her to marry him in spite of fortune. This makes us sure of what might have otherwise been doubtful, that he was not absolutely deficient in those affections on which the matrimonial state is founded, however much they might be obscured and weakened in the latter part of his life.

When residing at Moorpark, in his early years, as

secretary to Sir William Temple, he had been employed to take some charge of the education of a beautiful young girl named Johnson, who with her mother lived there in consequence of some tie of friendship on the part of Sir William's sister towards them. They seem to have been the widow and daughter of a London merchant of reduced fortune. As the child grew up, Swift, although removed from Moorpark, kept up an intimacy with them, and, in 1701, when the mother had died, he invited Miss Johnson to come and reside near his parsonage in Ireland, along with a friend who was her senior, by name Mrs Dingley. The pretence was, that the small incomes of the two ladies—Mrs Dingley had only twenty-seven pounds a-year—would go a great deal farther in Ireland than in England. But there can be no doubt that the real cause of the invitation, and of its being acted upon, was the mutual regard which existed between the parties. Miss Johnson was at this time a blooming creature of eighteen, with silky black hair, brilliant eyes, a complexion fair and delicate, features regular, soft, and animated, and an elegant shape; her manners being at the same time graceful and pleasing, while her voice was natural music, and kind feelings breathed through her whole deportment. Afterwards, she was noted as a writer of sprightly verses, and a wit, though a good-natured one; and it was allowed of her, particularly by Swift himself, that she never failed to say the best thing that was said in any company in which she was, although amongst the rest might be included some of the ablest men of the age. Swift was sixteen years older than Miss Johnson, or, as he chose to call her in their correspondence, *Stella*: he was thirty-four, an age by no means necessarily displeasing to girlhood, though not what girlhood would in general select. She and Mrs Dingley settled in his neighbourhood at Laracor. She saw him often in his own house, but never otherwise than in the presence of Mrs Dingley. When Swift visited Dublin or England, they removed into his house, and left it again at his return. The world thought their acquaintance a strange one, but obtained no real insight into it. Swift, at this time, and long afterwards, gave out that he considered himself too poor to marry. The notion was a false, or at least exaggerated one; but it might be not the less sincerely entertained. And certainly the next twelve years of his life were devoted with such an exclusiveness to ambitious objects, that he may well be supposed to have thought that marriage were better delayed till he had obtained further preferment. One thing is clear, that if he did not contemplate marrying Miss Johnson, he ought not to have allowed her to come to his neighbourhood, as she could not well take such a step without forfeiting the prospect of obtaining another suitor. It is nevertheless remarkable that she did attract a new lover while at Laracor. He was a respectable young clergyman named Tisdall, and she seems to have given him some encouragement, probably for the purpose of stimulating her elder lover. Swift's conduct is here utterly indefensible. On being consulted by her on the subject, he advised her to propose conditions to which the young man could not agree, and thus broke off the match. This was of course calculated to renew her hopes, if they had ever fallen, and from that moment he was more bound than ever to take her as his wife. Yet years passed on, without bringing about this event.

During the whole of the brief but active political career of Swift, as an ally of the Harley and Bolingbroke faction, he wrote constantly and copiously to Stella, treating her always as a most intimate friend,

though, perhaps, more a friend of the soul than of the heart. In 1709, while residing in London, he formed a new friendship, of much the same kind, with a Miss Vanhomrigh, destined to be afterwards immortalised under the name of Vanessa. She was the elder of two daughters of a Dutch gentleman, who had realised a small fortune as commissary of the army in Ireland. The two young ladies lived with their widowed mother in Bury Street, St James's, where Swift often called upon them in an easy and familiar way. Vanessa, young, beautiful, and clever, fixed his attention, if she did not move his affections, and he willingly took pains to guide her mind in the efforts which it was making to acquire knowledge. She, on the other hand, beheld the acknowledged chief of English wits with a veneration which was soon transformed into love. She surprised him one day with a frank offer of her hand. If we are to believe the poetical record of this intimacy, "*Cadmus and Vanessa*," written by Swift at the time, but not published, the pleasure he took in the society of Miss Vanhomrigh was only that of a preceptor in the company of his brightest pupil.

Time, and books, and state affairs,
Had spoiled his fashionable airs;
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.

He represents himself as taken with incredulous surprise by the avowed attachment of the young lady, and as setting it down to railly. She, on the other hand, endeavours to convince him of the possibility of her passion being real, as well as natural and proper. The utmost he can allow himself to promise is—

friendship at its greatest height,
A constant rational delight,
On virtue's basis fixed to last,
When love's allurements long are past;
Which gently warms, but cannot burn.

Ultimately, he professes to leave us in doubt as to the position of the parties—

Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To love with less seraphic ends;
Or to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

This mystery is not altogether successful. Taking what is here told in connexion with what afterwards became known, it appears tolerably clear that Swift did not give the positive denial to the hopes of Vanessa which, considering his attachment to Stella, he ought to have done. He still kept up the intimacy, either culpably heedless of a danger which such an avowal might have warned him of, or too happy in the enjoyment of Vanessa's society, in his present circumstances, when living at a distance from Stella, to be able to remove himself from the young lady's sight. On Vanessa's part, the attachment conceived at first seems never after to have for one moment known abatement.

About the time when Swift returned to Ireland (1714), the pecuniary affairs of the Misses Vanhomrigh (their mother was now dead) became embarrassed, inasmuch that their personal liberty was endangered. The bulk of their father's remaining property was situated in Ireland, and there, accordingly, the arrangement of their affairs was to be accomplished. Perhaps all might have been put to rights without the personal presence of Vanessa, but she professed to think otherwise, and to consider her liberty as safer on the other side of St George's Channel. With such ostensible reasons, but, in

* Swift was born in 1667—a posthumous son, ushered into life in the midst of destitution, but descended from an ancient family, some members of which still possessed landed wealth and rank. At thirty-five he had surmounted the poverty of his original lot, and attained church preferments sufficient to put him at ease as to his future subsistence: He began at the same time to lay the foundations of that fame which he has since maintained as one of the great masters of English prose. He was soon after the confidential friend of the Tory ministry of Queen Anne, who gave him the further preferment of the deanship of St Patrick's. At that particular time he enjoyed a political importance, as the secret adviser and public defender of the ministry, such as few merely literary men have ever enjoyed. All this was changed when the Hanover succession and Whig ministry came in. Swift then retired to brood over his disappointed ambition in Dublin, where he dragged out the remainder of his life in a state which must, upon the whole, be described as unhappy. He died in a state of mania in 1743.

reality, led by the same fatal fascination which had attracted Stella, Vanessa followed her lover to Ireland. Swift now resided in Dublin as Dean of St Patrick's, Stella and Mrs Dingley occupying lodgings in the neighbourhood of the deanery, and seeing him as before every day. The arrival of Vanessa in the same city was felt by him as most embarrassing. He was now in the singular situation for a man of his character and profession, of having two ladies in the bloom of life actually besieging him for the favour of his hand. The letters of Vanessa show constant dissatisfaction on her part with the shortness and rarity of his visits. They are, however, full of tenderness, and display an attachment of the most ardent and devoted kind. His letters, on the other hand, seem to have been written in the spirit of caution; he speaks much of the gossip of the idle, and the danger there was of their friendship being misconstrued. He was not so willing to go to consult about her affairs, as he was to place his purse at her disposal, which he did without reserve. We find her thus addressing him in 1714:—“ You once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray, what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know that your frowns make my life insupportable. You have taught me to distinguish [meaning, his own superiority to the rest of mankind], and then you leave me miserable. Now, all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (since you cannot otherwise) that kind indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties.” A little after is the following more impassioned epistle:—“ You bid me be easy, and you'd see me as often as you could; you had better have said as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much, or as often as you remembered there was such a person in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. 'Tis impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last; I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more, but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long; for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it, and beg you'd see me, and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it you, should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your look so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may but have so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you. Forgive me, and believe I cannot help telling you this, and this.”

Meanwhile, every little act of attention which he bestowed upon Vanessa was a wound to the jealous soul of Stella, who, having already waited eleven years in vain, saw her prospect of a union with the dean apparently more remote than ever. Long she suffered in silence: indeed the resolution he made of never seeing her alone, almost precluded her making her sufferings known to him. Seeing her spirits at length completely prostrated, and her health giving way, he commissioned his friend Bishop Ashe to inquire into the cause; “ and he received the answer,” says Scott, “ which his conscience must have anticipated—it was her sensibility to his recent indifference, and to the discredit which her own character sustained from the long subsistence of the dubious and mysterious connexion between them. To convince her of the constancy of his affection, and to remove her beyond the reach of calumny, there was but one remedy. To this communication Swift replied, that he had formed two resolutions concerning matrimony: one, that he would not marry till possessed of a competent fortune; the other, that the event should take place at a time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. The independence proposed, he said, he had not yet achieved, being still embarrassed by debt; and, on the other hand, he was past that term of life, after which he had determined never to marry. Yet he was ready to go through the ceremony for the ease of Mrs Johnson's mind, providing it should remain a strict secret from the public, and that they should continue to live separately, and in the same guarded manner as formerly. To these hard terms Stella subscribed; they relieved her own mind, at least, from all scruples on the impropriety of their connexion; and they soothed her jealousy, by rendering it impossible that Swift should ever give his hand to her rival. They were married in the garden of the deanery, by the Bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716.”

From this time there was no change in the manner of life of either, and the secret of the marriage was carefully kept. Not long after, Vanessa retired from Dublin to her house near Celbridge, to nurse her hopeless passion in seclusion from the world. To pursue the narrative of Scott, which is at once minute and candid, “ Swift seems to have foreseen and warned her against the consequences of this step. His letters uniformly exhort her to seek general society, to take exercise, and to divert, as much as pos-

sible, the current of her thoughts from the unfortunate subject which was preying upon her spirits. He even exhorts her to leave Ireland. But these admonitions are mingled with expressions of tenderness, greatly too warm not to come from the heart, and too strong to be designed merely to soothe the unfortunate recluse. Until the year 1720, he does not appear to have visited her at Celbridge; they only met when she was occasionally in Dublin. But in that year, and down to the time of her death, Swift came repeatedly to Celbridge; and, from the information of a most obliging correspondent, I am enabled to give account of some minute particulars attending them.

Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety by his own account) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she seldom went abroad, and saw little company: her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighbourhood, who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention; and he added that her manners interested every one who knew her. But she avoided company, and was always melancholy save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the dean, she always planted, with her own hand, a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's Bower. Three or four trees, and some laurels, indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them.

Vanessa, besides musing over her unhappy attachment, had, during her residence in this solitude, the care of nursing the declining health of her younger sister, who at length died about 1720. This event, as it left her alone in the world, seems to have increased the energy of her fatal passion for Swift; while he, on the contrary, saw room for still greater reserve, when her situation became that of a solitary female, without the society or countenance of a female relation. But Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated at the situation in which she found herself, determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of a union with the object of her affections, to the hope of which she had clung amid every vicissitude of his conduct towards her. The most probable bar was his undefined connexion with Mrs Johnson, which, as it must have been perfectly known to her, had doubtless long excited her secret jealousy, although only a single hint to that purpose is to be found in their correspondence, and that so early as 1713, when she wrote to him, then in Ireland, ‘If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.’ Her silence and patience under this state of uncertainty, for no less than eight years, must have been partly owing to her awe for Swift, and partly perhaps to the weak state of her rival's health, which, from year to year, seemed to announce speedy dissolution. At length, however, Vanessa's impatience prevailed; and she ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs Johnson herself, requesting to know the nature of that connexion. Stella, in reply, informed her of her marriage with the dean; and, full of the highest resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogation, and, without seeing him, or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of Mr Ford, near Dublin. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, both from temper and disease, rode instantly to Marley Abbey. As he entered the apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror, that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table; and instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death warrant. She sank at once under the disappointment of the delayed yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks.”

One circumstance of some importance is here omitted, namely, that Vanessa, during her residence in Ireland, had two excellent offers of marriage, both of which she rejected on account of the man to whom she was so infatuated—*a man, we must recollect, who numbered fifty-six years at the time of her death. Some resentment may be presumed to*

have not unnaturally mingled with the last despairs of poor Vanessa, under which feeling it probably was that she changed the destination of her fortune from Swift to her two executors, one of whom was the celebrated Bishop Berkeley, and directed the poem of Cadmus and Vanessa, and her correspondence with Swift, to be published, only the first part of which injunction was complied with.

Mortified by the death of Vanessa and the flight of Stella, or rather, perhaps, by the public talk to which the two events gave rise, Swift absented himself from home for two months, during which no one knew where he was. By the intervention of a friend, Stella was induced to return, and resume her ordinary mode of life: he hailed her with a poem full of sarcastic allusion to the fine style in which she had been living at Wood Park, in contrast with that to which she had returned—

“ Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.”

She must have been more than woman if she could have complacently heard the name of Vanessa. It is said that, about this time, a gentleman, ignorant of her situation in life, began to speak of the poem of Cadmus and Vanessa, then just published, and observed, that surely the heroine must have been an admirable creature to have inspired the dean to write so finely. “ That does not follow,” answered she with bitterness; “ it is well-known that the dean could write finely on a broomstick!” “ Ah!” says a female writer, “ how must jealousy, and long habits of intimacy with Swift, have poisoned the mind and temper of this unhappy woman, before she could have uttered this cruel sarcasm!” *

The dubious position in which Stella was still forced to live, continued to prey upon her spirits, and it could not be expected beforehand that a woman so situated could live long. She sunk under her sorrows four years after Vanessa, when only forty-four years of age. An affecting anecdote of one of her last days has been preserved: “ When Stella was in her last weak state, and one day had come in a chair to the deanery, she was with difficulty brought into the parlour. The dean had prepared some mulled wine, and kept it by the fire for her refreshment. After tasting it, she became very faint; but having recovered a little by degrees, when her breath (for she was asthmatic) was allowed her, she desired to lie down. She was carried up stairs, and laid on a bed; the dean sitting by her, held her hand, and addressed her in the most affectionate manner. She drooped, however, very much. Mrs Whiteway was the only third person present. After a short time, her politeness induced her to withdraw to the adjoining room, but it was necessary, on account of air, that the door should not be closed—it was half shut. The rooms were close adjoining. Mrs Whiteway had too much honour to listen, but could not avoid observing that the dean and Mrs Johnson conversed together in a low tone; the latter, indeed, was too weak to raise her voice. Mrs Whiteway paid no attention, having no idle curiosity; but at length she heard the dean say, in an audible voice, ‘ Well, my dear, if you wish it, shall be owned,’ to which Stella answered with a sigh, ‘ It is too late.’ ”

Swift survived this event eighteen years, the last three of which were spent in decided mania, and the last of all in utter silence. The most charitable construction that can be put upon his treatment of these two women, is also, we think, the only one that will account for all the circumstances—namely, that his mind was partially unsound—at least to the extent of a deprivation of the affections and some of the moral feelings—during fully the latter half of his life. There was at all times a marked eccentricity in his behaviour, but it increased much after the period of youth. In his desertion of his original party for no* rewarding him so highly as he deserved, in the savage revilings in which he indulged at party opponents, in his furious pride and unmitigable resentments, and in the towering contempt and hatred for both men and women which he was so prone to express in his latter writings, we see strong traces of a disordered or corrupted nature. We thus may account in some measure for the heartlessness of his general conduct towards Stella and Vanessa. Another wonder must, however, remain—how two women so much his juniors, so elegant, amiable, and accomplished,† should have contracted each

* Mrs Jameson—*Loves of the Poets*.

† The talents of Vanessa are evinced in the following Ode to Spring, in which she alludes to her unhappy attachment—

Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous spring!
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and graces—smiling hours—
Balmy breezes—fragrant flowers;
Come with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms restore!
Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets; no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadmus blest the scene,
And shared with me those joys serene,
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine impressed their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names, in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoined, your incense rise,
And wait sweet odours to the skies!

Those of Stella may be traced in the following lively lines, form-

so infatuated an attachment for an object apparently so unworthy of it! Here all is dark, or, if there be a spark of light, it is that alone derived from there being two cases of the infatuation, showing that there really was some fascination in Swift, which was calculated to hold sway over women of their stamp, notwithstanding unsuitable age, coldness of nature, harshness of manners, and every other disadvantage. If we are to believe this fascination to have been of an intellectual kind, the whole tale certainly forms as remarkable a proof of the superiority of spirit over all material concerns, as is presented in the range of biographical history.

CURIOSITIES OF THE LAW.

FIRST ARTICLE.

DR JOHNSON's expectation that Goldsmith would make natural history like a fairy tale is not complimentary to that branch of knowledge, seeing that it proceeds on the assumption that natural history is properly a dry study. Modern experience shows, on the contrary, that much entertainment may be derived from that and many other branches of knowledge. It may be a vain hope to excite a similar interest in the imperfect and mutable products of human wisdom, and perhaps the very name of law may be sufficient to alarm from our pages those who seek in them only the amusement of an idle hour. Still, we do not despair of proving that this field is not so barren of recreation as has been supposed; and that even the huge volumes and mouldering parchments, over which the wearied eyes of the pains-taking lawyer have so often to travel, afford entertainment, varied in its kind, and eminently attractive to those who love the study, which the poet has pronounced the proper or appropriate study of mankind—man.

We cannot consent to consider the regions of law and literature as lying so wide apart as has been supposed. Lord Coke, the great English lawyer, boasts that one of his works contains three hundred quotations from the poets; and, in another place, observes, that "verses were at the first invented for the help of memory, and it standeth well with the gravity of our lawyers to cite them." The Greeks looked upon their poets as legal authorities; and it would appear that the poems of Homer were laid on the table of the courts of justice, together with the volumes of their law. The inferiority of the people of Salamis to those of Athens was determined simply on the authority of a passage in the sublime writer; and so, when France and Spain disputed about their proper boundaries, the pages of Petrarch the poet were appealed to as a competent authority; and a similar authority was accorded to the Greek tragedians, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, by a law of the Athenians yet preserved. The Roman lawyers constantly appealed to the ancient poets as we should to an act of parliament, or to a decided case; and quotations from authors of this description are to be found even in their grave legislative ordinances. Much of the Roman law was reduced from a metrical poem; and we may still refer to the Greek verses of Michael Psellus, the younger, for information respecting Roman jurisprudence. The reports of Lord Coke have in like manner been presented to us in a poetical version,

ing part of a poem sent to Swift on his birth-day, 1721, and which he declared had undergone no correction:—

When men began to call me fair,
You interposed your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Showed where my judgment was misplaced,
Refined my fancy and my taste.
Behold that beauty just decayed,
Invoking art to nature's aid;
Persons by her admiring train,
She spreads her tattered nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the stage;
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene changed, to change her part:
She whom no loves could resist,
Before the second act, was hissed.
Such is the fate of female race,
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn or hated wife.
Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That she has never resembled those;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind reparts
The loss of changed or failing hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six. * *
Long be the day that gave you birth,
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone—then die to-morrow!

while some of the state trials of England, which reflect so much light on her criminal law and its administration, have lately made their appearance in the shape of a series of poems. The northern nations employed verse upon almost all occasions. This was especially the case with our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, whose lively imaginations contrasted singularly with the rigour of their climate and the barbarity of their customs, so much as to furnish something like evidence of their having sprung, as antiquarians suppose, from a race whose original residence was in the warm and glowing regions of the East—on the banks of the Indus or the Ganges. The ancient law of the men of Kent, by which the land was exempted from the penalty of forfeiture when its owner committed a crime, was expressed in the rude distich—

" The father to the bough,
The son to the plough."

While in King Athelstan's grant to the good men of Beverley, which was inscribed beneath his effigy in Beverley church, we perhaps have the form by which in old days the pious lord emancipated his slave—

" Als free
I make thee,
As heart may think,
Or eigh may see."

Many of the laws of the Frisians and of the Welsh also assumed the same form, but their poetical structure would disappear in anything like a close translation. Legal proceedings among the Anglo-Saxons were similar in their shape. In uncouth rhyme one party asserted his claim, and the other stated his defense:—" So I hold it as he held it, who held it as saleable, and as I will own it—and never resign it—neither plot nor ploughland—nor turf nor soft—nor furrow nor foot-length—nor land nor leasowe—nor fresh nor marsh—nor rough ground nor room—nor wold nor fold—land nor strand—wood nor water." The other replies:—" Do as I rede thee—keep to thine own—leave me to mine own—I covet not thine—neither lathe nor land—nor sac nor soc—nor covet thou mine—nought need I from thee—nought did I mean unto thee." The old form of marriage, yet retained in the English church service, is clearly rhythmical in its structure:—" To have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, to love and to cherish, till us death do part." This was the wedding, the civil ceremony necessary, in law, to constitute a valid marriage; and to this the church afterwards, in her own tongue, the Latin, added her benediction.

The lawyer is frequently able to explain circumstances which, in the pages of the historian, create difficulties and induce the supposition of error. For example, it has often surprised the historical writer that the Romans, whose religion admitted the worship of many gods, and who tolerated the religions of so many nations, should have persecuted, with such unrelenting cruelty, the votaries of Christianity. Such persecutions appear wholly inconsistent with the tolerant nature of a polytheistic superstition: let the Roman lawyer explain the anomaly. The founder of the state is said to have prohibited all nocturnal assemblies to be held within the city; a like prohibition is contained in the earliest monuments of Roman jurisprudence known to exist, and it was frequently repeated in subsequent laws. Cicero, when denouncing the conspirator Catiline, charges him with holding nightly assemblies in Rome, well knowing that no charge more odious could be advanced. Now, we know that the early Christians generally assembled at night for the purposes of worship. Many of them were slaves, whose occupations in the day prevented their assembling at another hour, and a general notion pervaded them all, that the dissolution of the world was at hand, and that it would occur in the night. They celebrated nightly vigils at the tombs of the saints and martyrs, and are thus supposed to have provoked the auspicious jealousy of the Roman magistrates.

It is, however, as reflecting light upon the manners of the age, and as discovering the strength and weakness of human ingenuity, that laws furnish the greatest entertainment. If we are to understand literally a very ancient Roman law, we might ask, what are we to think of a people who authorised the creditors of a bankrupt to cut his body in pieces, and share it among them! There is every reason to believe that this was the ancient law of Rome. The early law of England treated the bankrupt as a felon, and subjected him to severe punishment; and in Scotland, where the milder doctrines of the later civil law obtained, even after a debtor had given up all his property to his creditors, he could only be free as long as he wore a particular garb, called the "dyvor's habit," and the magistrates were bound to make him sit for some time every day upon a stone in a public place, called the "dyvor's stone." This practice had fallen into disuse about fifty years before its abolition in the late king's reign. It would, as Lord Meadowbank observes, "according to the present state of the public feeling, be a disgrace to the public administra-

tion of justice. It would shock the innocent; it would make the guilty miserably profigate."

To a low state of public morality, and to an essentially defective police, may we fairly ascribe the institution of severe punishments. Thus, anciently, the criminal in England was punished by horrible mutilations; his hand, his foot, his nose or lips, were cut off, his eyes plucked out, his head scalped, or he was branded with a red-hot iron on the forehead, cheek, or arm. William the Conqueror would not suffer death to be inflicted for a slight offence; but the mutilated criminal walked about, a standing warning against the commission of crime, and a living evidence of the "grievous mercy" of the law. By an ordinance of Edward I., any person detected for the third time in stealing lead or silver ore from the Derbyshire mines, was to have his hand fastened to a table by a knife driven through it, and there he was to remain in agony, a prisoner, until he freed himself by cutting off his hand. A Spanish law respecting homicide commences with a sentence worthy of inscription in every legislative hall. "The person of a man is the most noble thing in the world." This is a principle which legislators have not always appreciated. Holland tells us, in the course of Henry VIII.'s reign, 72,000 criminals suffered this extreme penalty of the law, which would be nearly 2000 a-year. There may be some exaggeration in this statement, but the number must have been enormous; for Sir Thomas More tells, that twenty were often hanged on the same gallows at the same time. The average number of executions in Elizabeth's time was four hundred annually; and the annual number during the first half of the last century was about one hundred. Sir John Fortescue, who was chancellor to Henry VI. in his exile, adduces the frequency of capital punishments in England as an evidence of the superior courage of his countrymen [capital crimes requiring courage to execute them], in comparison with the poor-spirited peasantry of France. "More men," he says, "are hanged in Engeland in one yere than in France in seven, because the English have better harts." The Scotchmen, likewise, never dare rob, but only commit larcenies. The most revolting punishment ever inflicted in England, was that inflicted in a remarkable case in the reign of Henry VIII. John Roos, cook to the Bishop of Rochester, threw some poison into a pot of broth prepared for the bishop's household. Some of them partook of a portion of it, and the rest was given away to the poor. Through the malignity of this servant many persons lost their lives. An act of parliament was accordingly passed, which, after reciting these circumstances, enacted that the cook should be considered as guilty of high treason—properly an offence against the person or government of the king—and should be *boiled to death*, and that others committing the like offence in future times should be treated in the same manner. This barbarous act was repealed in the subsequent reign, in common with many other acts conceived in the same spirit.

It is a very remarkable circumstance, that the very ancient laws of all the northern nations evince great tenderness of human life. Cruel punishments, and still more, the punishment of death, were wholly averse to their spirit. They did not, indeed, forbid (at least in the earliest times) the infliction of that wild kind of justice which the kinsmen of the murdered might seek to execute on his murderer, but still they endeavoured to prevent it, and to substitute a pecuniary compensation. Standing before the tribunal, the avengers agreed to waive their natural rights, and accept the recompence fixed by the equity of the law.* Awful was the form in which they yielded their adherence to the decrees of the magistrates, and fearful the imprecations to which the violator of his faith subjected himself. "Strife was between Harold and Thorwald," said the Norwegian judge, "but now I and the country have set peace between them. The fine has been told which the Deemster doomed; and let them be friends in the guild and the guesting-house, at the feast and in the folk-moot, in the church and the hall." Then was the curse denounced—"May he who breaks his plighted troth be banished and driven from land and home, as far away as man can flee. Let him be a *forsworn*+ man whilst fire shall flame, whilst the grass shall spring, whilst the fir-tree grows, whilst the babe shall greet after the mother, whilst the ship shall sail, whilst the shield shall glitter, whilst the sun shall shine, whilst the hawk shall soar, whilst the heavens shall roll,

* The "Letters of Slanes," in Scotch law, took their rise from this practice. By these the heirs and relations of a person who had been murdered, bound themselves, in consideration of an *asylum*, or composition paid to them, to forgive, "pass over, and for ever forget, and in oblivion inter, all rancour, malice, revenge, prejudice, grudge, and resentment, that they have, or may conceive, against the aggressor, or his posterity, for the crime which he had committed; and discharge him of all action, civil or criminal, against him, or his estate, for now and ever." In Norway, the same pledge to forego revenge was given by the parties injured.

+ An outlaw. *Forsworn* birth was the crime of harbouring an outlaw.

" It irks, high dame, my noble lords,
Gained lady fair to draw their swords;
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the western wardry,
Your law-contemning kinmen ride,
And burn and spoil the border side;
And ill beseeves your noble birth,
To make your Tower a *Forsworn's* birth."
Lay of the Last Minstrel.—Canto V.

whilst the wind shall howl, whilst the waters shall flow; let him be forbidden from church and from Christendom, from the house of God and the fellowship of all good men, and never let him find resting-place, except in hell."

The scales of compensation established by the laws of the various Anglo-Saxon states are very curious. The fines are proportioned to the rank of the injured and of the injurer, and to the nature of the injury. The laws of Ethelbert (A.D. 561-616) require the first instalment of 20s., due on the murder of a freeman, to be paid at the open grave, or down upon the coffin, and the residue in forty days. Cutting off the little finger is recompensed by the payment of 11s.; 30s. compensates the loss of a thumb; 3s. of a thumb nail; 8s. of the shooting (or fore) finger; 4s. of the middle finger; 6s. the gold (or ring, that is, the third) finger; and for every finger nail, 1s. For a small disfigurement in the countenance, 3s.; for a larger one, 6s. "If one man," says the law, "hit another on the nose with his fist, let compensation be made by payment of 3s. If there be a bruise on the nose, 1s." How singularly obedient to law must our rude ancestors have been, that a code of such minute regulations should have been ever enforced; and that it was enforced, is shown by the fact, that similar provisions were repeated in the various systems of law established in England successively for nearly four centuries. We may ascertain from these laws what value was set upon a freeman's life, and our own laws subsequently have furnished materials, although not so complete, for a similar computation. Larceny, or theft, when the goods exceeded in value twelve pence, was punishable with death by the 13 Edward I., cap. 15. By this statute, no one charged with larceny to a less amount could be refused bail. In observing upon this law, Spelman, writing in the time of Elizabeth, remarks, "that when everything else has grown dearer, a man's life is forfeited every day for what is of less and less value." In the old Scottish law of Burdinseck, we read, "It is statute that no man shall be hanged for a less fault than twa schep, whereof ilk aane is worth 16 pennies." Sixteen pence Scots was worth a fraction more than five farthings of our present money. Servants embezeling their master's goods of the value of forty shillings (21 Henry VIII., cap. 7), stealing from the person to the value of twelve pence (8 Elizabeth, cap. 4), embezeling ordnance stores worth twenty shillings (31 Elizabeth, cap. 4), stealing property to the value of five shillings from a dwelling-house (39 Elizabeth, cap. 15) or warehouse, or shop adjoining thereto (3 and 4 William and Mary, cap. 9), or even apart therefrom (10 and 11 William III.), stealing from an outhouse goods to the value of forty shillings (12 Anne, cap. 1), stealing plants from a garden, value five shillings (6 George II., cap. 3), stealing linen, fastian, and cotton, of the same value, from places where they are being printed, whitened, bleached, or dried (18 George II., cap. 18), stealing goods on navigable rivers, or their wharfs, or quays, to the value of forty shillings (24 George II., cap. 24), were all made felonies punishable with death. A woman, says the 21 James I., cap. 6, shall not lose her life for a larceny under ten shillings. In its administration, the law has been usually more merciful than could have been expected; and this has arisen from the understanding, that the jury might protect the criminal from the extreme punishment, by finding that he stole the article, but that it was below the value fixed by law. A man was once tried before Lord Mansfield for stealing a watch. There were palliating circumstances, and the jury found the watch to be of less value than twelve pence. The prosecutor, when he heard the verdict, sprung up—"Consider, my lord, the mere fashion of the watch cost me more than five pounds." "Very true, sir," replied the judge gravely, "but we must not hang the man for the fashion's sake." On a debate respecting the 10 and 11 Will. III., commonly called the Shoplifting Act, Sir William Meredith told an affecting story. "Under this act one Mary Jones was executed. It was at the time when press warrants were issued on the alarm about the Falkland Islands. The woman's husband was pressed, their goods seized for debt, and she, with two children, turned out into the streets a-begging. 'Tis a circumstance not to be forgotten, that she was very young, not nineteen, and remarkably handsome. She went into a linen-draper's shop, took some coarse linen off the counter, and slipped it under her shawl. The shopman saw her as she laid it down. Her defense was, that she had lived with credit, and wanted for nothing, until a press-gang came and stole her husband from her; that since then, she had no bed to lie on, nothing to give her children to eat, and they were almost naked; and perhaps she might have done something wrong, she hardly knew what she did. The parish officers testified to the truth of this story. But it seems there had been a good deal of shop-lifting in the part of the city where her offence was committed; an example was thought necessary; and this woman was hanged for the comfort and satisfaction of some shopkeepers in Ludgate Street. When brought up to receive sentence, she behaved in such a passive manner, as proved her mind to be in a distract ed and desponding state; and the child was sucking at her breast when she set out for Tyburn gallows!"

"The world was not her friend, nor the world's law."

When a proposition was made to repeal this iniquitous

act, Lord Ellenborough (such force has the prejudice of position) implored the House of Lords to hesitate, as they agreed "to hazard an experiment pregnant with danger to the security of property," assuring them that the law "had not produced the smallest injury to the merciful administration of justice."

Oh, friend! when I recall the blissful hour
In which, pierced by the lightning of her eyes,
My soul sprung forth to meet their welcome dart,
And pleased, surrendered, Love's delighted captive,
Triumphant Beauty's spoil!—So much of gladness
Dwells in the thought, I fain could spring for joy!
But ah! when all I've suffered since of anguish,
Consumed by unrequited love, is placed

'Gainst a brief moment's bliss, then Memory's self,
Once so endeared, drops poison in my cup;
More bitter, that so late it overflowed!
Oh, fair and bright Gazelle! In Beauty's crown
The costliest diamond; wherefore is that diamond
Not harder than thine heart? And how should I,
Whose life thou art, live on, when thou despisest,
And leav'st me to my fate?

Shimei compassionately seeks to soothe the complaints of the desponding lover by promises of facilitating for him an interview with his beloved, enforcing, however, the necessity of absolute secrecy, by the mention of an ancient but still subsisting law of the kingdom, dooming Shilohim, should she, as the betrothed of Siphah, lend an ear to another lover, to be burned alive. Shocked by this appalling communication, the stranger prince inquires whether this cruel and surely obsolete law has ever been acted on, and on being told, that within the memory of his still youthful friend no less than ten maidens had paid the forfeit of their lives to its severity, thus gives vent to his feelings of despondence:—

Well! I must then be dumb, and to the grave
Bereft of speech, as hope, descend—ere word
Of mine, my soul's beloved, bring ill to thee!
Yet shall the mountain echoes I have taught
Thy name so oft, remind thee of my woes;
My sighs be wafted to thee in the wall
Of autumn boughs, and the quick-fitting wing
Of each swift bird my fleeting life portray!
And should these fail—Death, silent though he be,
For once shall be love's messenger, and tell thee,
With his mute voice, all I have felt and suffered!

The story in the second act, or rather we should say, part, becomes more complicated; a certain damsel, named Ajah (of whom, however, little is heard afterwards), is represented as attached to Siphah, by whom she is slighted for the king's daughter. Another maiden, called Adah, the supposed friend, but subsequent cruel betrayer of Shilohim, is meantime implored by the faithful Shimei to bring about a private interview between the princess and Shallum; in compliance with which we find her, in the third scene, employing all her influence as a favourite companion to wring from the modest and virtuous Shilohim the confession of her love for Shallum, and her consent to see him.

The dialogue is in itself less poetical than many other portions of the drama, and need not be given entire; its chief features are the unreserved acknowledgment of the unhappy princess of her contempt and dislike for the unworthy bridegroom to whom fate, rather than choice, has assigned her; though the utmost eloquence of her artful friend fails to elicit, except very indirectly, her partiality for another; and her consent to the interview is only obtained by means of a rash promise to grant Adah any boon she may think fit to demand. It is arranged to take place during the next day's chase; the reluctance of the princess being only removed by fears for her own life, giving way to apprehensions lest grief and despair should put a period to that of her lover.

Shallum, meantime, awaits her decision in a retreat amid the mountains, the description of which, as contrasted with the perils and turmoil of courts, is given by the German translator as one of the finest passages in the poem. The imagery might possibly seem trite in an ordinary European poet, but as a specimen of modern Hebrew sentiment and philosophy, it will have much of the zest of novelty, and the piquancy of contrast.

Ye everlasting hills! beneath whose shade
Sleep deeply hidden vales, where gentle peace
Loves still alone to dwell—how dear to me
The privilege, amid your leafy groves,
To doff the burden of unwelcome greatness,
From cities far—from palaces remote:
For there lurks suffering in its bitterest forms,
And gilded treason, spreading still her net
For the unwary foot, not taking rest
Until her victim fall. How different all
Here in this peaceful haven! War's alarms,
The din of tongues, law's janglings, bloody strife,
Are things undreamt of in our happy sphere.
Even the despairing wretch, on whom the world
Hath done its worst, in this its loneliest nook,
No sooner finds his weary wing, than lo!
The soothed whisper of the murmuring boughs,
Stirred by soft winds, attunes his soul once more
To joy, and lulls his sorrows in oblivion!
Are not these verdant, flower-enamelled meads,
A godly heritage—a second Eden?
Yet free to every dweller in the land,
Who neath the fig's deep shade, from mid-day heat,
Cares not, reposing, stretches him at ease,
Lord of himself—from thoughts of evil far!
What to such liberty are stores of gold,
Or pomp, or kingdom, judgment-seats, or thrones?
Alas! men's treasures are only prisons
To lock their souls in, while their bodies
Sooth free to go or come, to sleep or wake!
Then what is power? and what are diamonds?
Worse than the serf's forced labour—since the load
Of thousand provinces, not welcome night
Lifts off the weary shoulders of a king!

Oh, bright and happy is the shepherd's lot!
As, jocund, wandering with his sleepy care,
With open brow, the index of his soul,
He finds in every bush a welcome lair.
Poor, but content! Unvexed with thirst of gold,
Untrammeled by life's forms, its pomps unknown,
His rude fare sweetened by a thankful heart,

MIGDAL OZ.

A HEBREW DRAMA.

THE usual associations respecting the Hebrews and their literature—touching, on the one hand, the days of Israel's greatness, when the holy scriptures were written, and, on the other, the days of his degradation, when all the better energies of the people were concentrated on the most sordid of trading occupations—will have left most people unprepared to hear of a drama written about a century ago by a Jew, in the Hebrew language, and founded on the universal passions and sympathies of common life. The existence of such a drama is, indeed, little known even to scholars, and it is to those of Germany that we are indebted for its having been saved from complete oblivion. *Migdal Oz*, as this play is called, was published in that country in 1737, but did not succeed in keeping its place before the public eye. We now only know it through the medium of a Latin translation, executed since the beginning of the present century, by Francis Delisch, who added a preliminary dissertation on the few scattered efforts of the Hebrew dramatic muse, from the days of Josephus downwards. The author, Moses Ben Jacob Luzatto, born at Padua in 1710, died on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Versed alike in the sciences of the west and the traditions of the east, he is universally admitted to have been the founder of a new style of Hebrew poetry, departing from the orientalism of that of ancient days, and partaking of the classic taste of Greece and Rome, whose rhythmical forms it adopted. His play was designed to illustrate the difficulties attendant on the pursuit and attainment of divine knowledge, and its characters are therefore to be regarded as allegorical. We learn from a prologue, the title of which, "Maachal," will come with a familiar sound to the ear of a reader of the Bible version of the Psalms, that the piece was written on occasion of the betrothal of a youthful pair. It is followed by a list of *dramatis personae*, and, according to Hebrew usage, an abstract of the argument, of which we shall avail ourselves, to convey to the reader in its original form all the preliminary information indispensable to the understanding, and introductory to the opening scenes, of the play.

"There stood," so runs the legend, "on the summit of the mountain of Oz, the tower of a strong and mighty fortress, and above it a fair and beautiful garden, which no man could reach, for no path to it had been discovered. And the king of the country gave forth an edict, that to whomsoever should scale the tower and enter the garden, he would grant his daughter Shilohim in marriage, holding his success as a certain proof of divine aid and favour. Now, Shilohim was of goodly stature and fair countenance, and there came thither on a day a noble youth named Shallum, son of the king of the Ananim, and he gazed up at the lofty tower and bright garden beyond it; but lo! there was no door in the tower, nor path by which it might be attained. By diligent search, however, the youth found a cleft of the rock which led to a long and winding cavern, the end of which proved to be the entrance to the tower; and he climbed thither, and opened its inner door, and found himself in the wished-for garden. He knew not, however, as yet of the edict of the king; but a man named Siphah, to whom it was well-known, chancing to pass that way, espied the open door, and entering the garden unobserved, made haste to go to the king with the welcome tidings. 'Thy servant, O king! hath discovered the entrance to the tower, and attained to the garden on its summit, of the fruit whereof he hath brought as a token of success.' And the king was glad, and rose from his throne, and embraced him, giving praises to God, and promised him Shilohim his daughter to wife. But in those same days did Shallum love Shilohim, and his soul was consumed within him because of her; and she loved him also, for he was wise in speech, a hero for courage, and fair to look on; nevertheless, because the damsel feared her father, she endured the company of Siphah, though she despised him in her heart."

It is at this stage of matters that the business of the drama begins. We have first Shimei, the friend of Shallum, pressing him to reveal to the ear of privileged friendship whether grief or sickness is the cause of his late depression.

Should it be grief—thou know'st, as well as I,
'Tis to the soul like moths within a garment,
Fretting, while yet a single thread remains,
The slow consumed, yet surely ruined fabric.
If thus I urge, 'tis also known to thee,
Beloved one! that from love my quest proceeds;
For 'tis a law of friendship, that when one
United in her bonds as we are, suffers pain,
His friend, his other self, must suffer also.

In answer to this appeal, Shallum freely confesses that he pines for love of the king's daughter, Shilohim, whom he first saw out hunting in her father's company, surrounded by a train of princes. Lost in memory of the day when he first descried her amid the brilliant ranks of the courtly train, he exclaims—

His couch of straw is still a bed of rest,
And when morn dawns, he springs like a young eagle
To hail her welcome beam. Yet when o'ercast
The welkin frowns, and thunders shake the sky,
His heart ne'er trembles; wherefore should he fear?
Wherefore? Since, even a stranger to the wiles
Of secret foes, and false forswearing tongues,
Though poor, he boggles kings! You lovely maid,
The loveliest in his eyes, loves him again.
His heart for her no sooner beats, than her's
Responsive beats for him; they know but joy
Since they are one, and none to part them dreams!
So joy they undisturbed! If told he is,
He on her breast forgets it—in her eyes
He sums himself, and deems all labour light!
Thus is he poor, but blest! Oh! what a lot!
How fair, how bright is he! How gladly I
Would harter for it my life's weary load!

The soliloquy is interrupted by the entrance of Shimeï, to announce that the wished-for interview has been arranged by Adah, and will then take place—an annunciation quickly followed by the arrival of Shilomith herself. Shilomith would fly to meet her, but is advised by his friend to await the coming of Adah, whose presence on the occasion had been expressly stipulated for by the timid princess. The lover naturally enough remonstrates, and advances; but on the scared fair one fleeing at his approach, resorts to the somewhat "superfluous" menace of suicide. He exclaims—

O whither wouldst thou flee? Dost fear? Oh no!
Not to thee, Shilomith, my hasty steps
Shall trembling lead me. No! since thus thou shunn'st me,
I'll rather turn, and bid you torrent bear
Myself and sorrows to the distant main.

Shimeï. Rash man! what wouldst thou? Shimeï, fly and
stay him! [He is arrested and brought back.]

Shal. If thou'dst have me

Hear on life's load—oh! grant me one love-token!

'Twere better else to sink to rest at once!

Than die ten thousand deaths by thy unkindness!

Shal. 'Tis I who feel half dead with fear already!

Shal. Thou wouldst not, then, that I should end my pain?

Shal. What pain could urge thee thus to cast thyself
Into the depths of yonder foaming flood?

Shal. Dost ask, fair creature? Ah! ill-fated Shalum,
Wherfore wert born, if but to feed the flame?

Which soon or later must consume thy days?

Shal. Wer'st not the hero and the wise man's part

No more to follow one thou canst not gain?

What wouldst thou of me?

Shal. Just to hear me speak

One word before I die.

Shal. That boon was granted;

But only that thou mightst forswear all thoughts
Of death.

Shal. Alas! that word was but a drop

To the vast ocean labouring in my bosom!

Shal. Well, well! I'll hear—say on, but let thy speech
Be brief! And mark me, when 'tis ended,

Begins in peace, and seek my face no more!

Shal. Beloved of my soul! where lives the man

Could unconquering, on a wounded heart,

Deep festering with love's scars, the fitters bear

In which thou bind'st me fast? These rugged rocks

May bear their silent witness to that love

Whose tears have swelled so long their streams, and woke

Their echoes with thy name! Wherefore forbid

Their depths to close upon my hopeless sorrows?

My life's sole light, thyself! I have waned ere well

It dawned! Ere noon, 'tis sinking in the west

For ever! Nor, alas! one hope remains

Again to see it gild my path with joy.

Hope thus being dead, what marvel if I claim

Kindred but with the grave? I've done with earth;

My youthful star has set; my cup of life

Grief hath so poisoned, that, with it compared,

The bitterness of death itself seems sweet!

For that, at least, none can forbid to share,

With her I love at last; and when before,

Through the dark vale I go, one ray of light

From thee shall bid it smile—a paradise!

Shal. Methinks thou hast said all thou couldst desire.

Shal. O fairest creature! whence that stony heart?

Sure thou hast eyes to see, and ears to hear;

Warm blood rolls in thy veins; by human cares

Thy youth was reared; wherefore a stranger thus

To human pity? Rocks by man are split—

Cedars uprooted by the blast—nay, earth's

Firm pillars to the earthquake bend—why then

Is thy heart thus alone immovable?

Oh, Shilomith! since 'ts so, grant one boon,

One only! say unto me, Shalum, die!

And at thy bidding I'll die proudly, gladly!

Is thy heart stony still? Wilt still deny

All save ungracious hearing? Art still dumb?

Shal. Shalum, if aught at length unlocks my lips,

Tis to repeat injustice, and disclaim

Most erring accusations. Hear me, then,

In silence! Thou hast said that in my breast

No pity dwells, and in that hard belief

Hast scrupled not to call me heart of stone,

The cruellest of maidens, and with words

Like these hast sought to move me to compassion.

Dost know, oh dost forget, that should I yield

What thou call'st pity—cruel to myself,

The loi I earned would be the flaming pile;

A death of shame before assembled crowds,

Honour and life alike in ashes sunk?

Nor aid of thine avail; nor thou escape

My father's vengeful ire. Be thou, then, judge,

If 'twere not miscalled pity, which drew down

A fate like this on both devoted heads?

Less cruel were the kindness that would reach

To dying lips some fatal sweets, desired,

In fond delirium's ravings, while some drop

Of wholesome bitter might achieve the cure!

Canst doubt I feel compassion? What else bade me,

Ere now, fly to thy rescue from the flood?

Me pity prompts to aid, not to destroy;

Such pity I dare feel, and it is thine!

But what thou fondly, idly dar'st to crave,

Is folly—for 'tis unattainable!

Nor God nor man can grant the unhallowed boon.

Man has no true guardian than his honour,

And Shilomith's will ne'er betray its trust.

If thou lov'st truly, love in me my faith,

Worthy a monarch's daughter! Love my fame—

My life itself. If wise as well as loving,

Be calm; for if thou'ret so, I shall know peace!

Fly to some distant shore, live happy there,
Dream not of death, harbour no thought of guilt.
What is't to be a man, but to forebear
Life's sweetest draught, if guilt be in the cup?

O! be advised—be calm; weed from thine heart
Unhallowed erring passion. Go—adieu!
Resolve thyself—live happy—fare thee well!

The dialogue, which continues in the same strain, is protracted by mutual reluctance to separate. When Shilomith has at length torn herself from her lover, she gives vent to the long suppressed feelings of nature.

Shal. Oh! Shalum, Shalum! didst thou know how faints

My soul within me, 'twould be thine to grant,
Not sue for pity! Sure, amid the stars
In fatal signs my destinies were traced!
Had I but called the humbles of earth's sons!
My sires, less deep had been the fall which now
Lays the king's daughter low! O, my loved Shalum!
It is not better thus to weep for thee,
Than thou shouldst pine for me? O! cruel stars!
Wherefore divide what love so fondly joins?
O blind and wayward love! why seek to join
What Fate hath ever parted? O my Shalum!
Forgive, if she whom thou hast worshipped thus
Feigned enmity to hide a breaking heart,
Broken for love of thee! Forgive, if words
Of studied coldness veiled the flame within!
If stone to thee a breast too soft appeared,
Which durst not yield to pity! All the while
Mine ears were tortured with thy moving plaint,
My breast gave back thy sighs, and with thy tears,
Fast as they fell, my life-blood weeded away!

Thus mourned the unhappy Shilomith, atoning by secret despair for the semblance of exterior composure.

Adah now comes to interrupt her solitary complaining, and to weave the web of deep-laid treachery by which she hopes to ruin Shilomith, and thereby supplant her in the possession of her betrothed Siphah. Her first stroke of policy is a false accusation against this very object of her own affections, of being actuated by interest and ambition alone in his pursuit of the princess, while he, in reality, prefers her handmaiden, Bathsheba, by whom his love is rejected and scorned. Adah's drift in this is to awaken to revenge the woman's pride of Shilomith against Siphah, but only to recoil on her own devoted head.

By a tissue of successful machinations, the princess is persuaded to send her handmaiden to Adah, with implicit directions to speak and act as she shall dictate; the natural consequence of her revelations to the king of Siphah's infidelity, seeming to the unsuspecting princess the breaking off of her ill-assorted marriage with him, and the union with a worthier object. Adah, however, having provided a poisoned garment, tutors the ignorant damsel into a belief that it was designed by her mistress as a fatal present to her hated spouse; and having previously given secret information to that effect both to the king and Siphah, the supposed bridal gift is subjected in their presence to a test which proves its deadly nature. The rest of the story may be best given in the antique Hebrew phraseology retained in the original "Argument" of the piece:

"Then did the king command that Shilomith should be brought forth to be burned in the marketplace, and, lo! the pile was already set on fire. Then came Shalum in haste, and said unto the king, 'On me, oh king! be the blame; thy daughter is guiltless. Lay, then, thine hand on me, oh king! and let Shilomith go free.' But Shilomith again said, 'Not so, oh my father! why shouldst thou bring on thine head the innocent blood? It is I, I only who have sinned, and wherefore should Shalum perish, and his blood be required at thine hand?' And while they thus strove, Shalum answered, 'Of a truth thy servant is guilty regarding the matter of the tower, which I shunned not to approach. See, here is mine handiwork, which I wot not whom promised to recompense.' Now, Shalum, on opening the doors of the tower, had found hidden behind them these words:—'Whosoever thou art who canst attain unto this spot, be it mine to reward thine handiwork.'

And the king was sore afraid, and said unto Shalum, 'Of what tower speakest thou, my son, and of what handiwork? See that thou conceal from me nothing of what hath befallen thee.' And Shalum answered and said, 'Surely I have sinned in that I passed one day by the mountain Oz, and gazed up at the tower Ain, and saw that the garden on the top thereof was beautiful to look upon. But lo! the tower had no door, and the garden no way, and I sought hither and thither, and beheld a cave, and at the further end thereof an entrance to the tower. And I went in thereunto, and threw back the folding-doors thereof, and it was written behind them as thy servant hath said.'

And the king hasted, and fell on his neck, and embraced him, and wept, and called for Shilomith his daughter, and cried, 'Up, up, Shilomith! up and fear nothing! For lo! thy deliverance is accomplished, and thy joy is at hand.' And great fear fell on Siphah, and he made confession how he had found the doors open, and another had been in the tower before him. And the king gave commandment to loose the chains wherewith Shilomith and Shalum had been bound, and the people saw it and were glad; and they made a great feast in the palace, and the king gave Shalum his daughter Shilomith to wife, and he found favour in his eyes, and became unto him as a son, and sat on the throne of his kingdom, and was exalted above all the children of Kedem."

So runs the truly Hebrew argument the consonance

and expression of which with Scriptural narrative only attests the common origin of both, and the unalterable genius of the most unique of languages. That it should ever—as in the poetical parts of the piece—have bent to the ordinary dramatic forms of speech in use among other nations, seems irreconcileable with its distinctive peculiarities. But how much of this may be due to the transfusion of its unquestionably poetical imagery and sentiment through at least two living languages, it does not become a third translator, whose version must thus necessarily be the "shadow of a shade," presumptuously to decide.

That even, as such, it has the claim of novelty, at least on the British reader, will probably form its chief recommendation; though the specimens given will prove, that in the staple commodity of all dramatic poetry, namely, sentiment and passion, the Jew of the eighteenth century was at least on a level with the other writers of the age.

A DAY AT BRUCE CASTLE.

ONE day early in June, I took my seat in an omnibus from the universally known "Flower Pot" in that ancient thoroughfare "Bishopsgate Street Within," designing to proceed to Tottenham, a village in the north-east environs of London. Impelled as much, doubtless, by the rivalry of contending vehicles, each hurrying in the same direction, as by a regard for punctuality, the conveyance was pointed to time, and off we were driven along that long line of street and road by Shoreditch and Stamford Hill, which, I suppose, must be considered in some measure classic ground, from having been the line of route pursued by John Gilpin in his never-to-be-forgotten holiday excursion to and from the village of Ware. The poet could not have easily selected a more pleasant ride for his wedding-day-celebrating party. The road towards Tottenham and Ware, after relieving itself of the more densely packed streets, is one of the prettiest round London. It is quite English in feature. You pass many villas of the sober style of the past and preceding century—buildings of bright-red brick with quoins of white stone, half hidden among clumps of aged trees—then you have a cluster of cottages with their neat little gardens; now a patch of village green environed with white wooden palings, with occasionally a pond overhung with drooping bushes, and peopled, as all English ponds should be, with broods of geese and ducks, giving evidence of the rural pleasures and pursuits of the neighbouring cottagers. In one open grassy spot, seven huge elms, known by the name of the Seven Sisters, are pointed out as relics of an ancient Druidic grove—a fact, however, which the reader may either believe or not as he likes, as I give it entirely on omnibus authority. To other objects of interest the attention of strangers is sure to be attracted by some chatty fellow-traveller acquainted with the road; one of prime importance being Tottenham High Cross, a modern restoration of one of the Gothic crosses erected by Edward I. at the place where the remains of his queen, Eleanor, rested in their progress to sepulture in Westminster Abbey; and of which series Charing Cross was the last. The omnibus, however, has almost reached its destination, and taking advantage of a pause, we step out, and pursue the remainder of the journey on foot, up a pleasant country road to Bruce Castle, the ultimate object of the present excursion.

I had heard and read of the educational plans of the venerable Mr Hill—father of Rowland Hill, of post-office fame—and of his son, Mr Arthur Hill, at their establishment at Bruce Castle, and it was now my wish to observe, as far as possible, the practical operation of their admirable principles, and form one at a meeting of the friends of the establishment, collected in order to witness one of the annual distributions of testimonial among the more deserving pupils. A more fitting scene for a school could not well be pictured. Something like twenty acres of ground, laid out as lawn, field, and garden, and dotted with masses and rows of trees, offering an agreeable shade beneath their widely-extended branches, surround a large building of the manor-house style, apparently as old as the reign of James I., and which, as I understand, occupies the site of a castle inhabited for a time by Robert Bruce during his captivity in England, in the reign of Edward I., whence the present name of the mansion. On occasions like that which now attracted me, the beauty of the surrounding woodland is much enhanced by the presence of some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, who scatter themselves over the lawns and among the different avenues; but on the day of my visit, the state of the weather forbade any indulgence of this kind, and the fête was entirely within doors. Yet I do not believe that any one felt this as a loss. The large hall, hung round with maps, and various cases of scientific apparatus, was densely crowded with spectators, while on elevated platforms

sat from seventy to eighty boys and girls, the eager expectants of the day's proceedings.

The chair having been taken by General Sir Dudley Hill, Mr Arthur Hill proceeded to explain the principles upon which the business of education was conducted in Bruce Castle. He considered education as resolving itself into two great branches—*first*, the formation of character and habits; *second*, the acquisition of technical knowledge. The professional exertions of teachers in general are limited to the second department, and to only certain sections of it, as language and numbers. Resting here, education may be said to stop at its very commencement. The wide domain of general knowledge is scarcely touched upon, and the development and establishment of the moral feelings are altogether overlooked. Neither is there any attention paid to inherent peculiarities of the intellectual and moral character, with a view to the special wants of particular pupils. I need not here follow out Mr Hill in all his remarks on what is necessary to constitute a sound and complete education, but shall proceed to quote a few of his observations. "As soon," he said, "as we have discovered the bent of the pupil's mind and inclinations, we communicate the result of our observations to the parent; and if the parent take this as his guide in choosing the future profession of his child, our task is comparatively easy; for nature and art then go hand in hand, instead of opposing each other as they must when the occupations of the boy are not in accordance with the impulse of the mind. When the parent acts in conformity with these views, we direct the boy's chief attention to those departments of education for which he has evinced the greatest aptitude; without, as may be supposed, neglecting such branches of knowledge as are important for the success of a man in any career of life, and which, at the same time, can readily be included in a school-room education. In numerous instances, boys have joined us with a reputation for dulness and incorrigible idleness, in whom we have succeeded in awaking dormant powers, and who have been led on to industry and perseverance merely by our affording them opportunities of employment in those pursuits in which they could taste the delight of success."

To show the importance of abstaining from coercive measures, and of consulting the obvious intentions of nature as to the routine of study, Mr Hill related a number of anecdotes of boys who had passed through his hands. One of these gave the audience no small amusement. It was that of a boy whose education, previously to his joining this establishment, had been confined almost exclusively to the classics. His parents had resolved that he should be a Latin scholar, and for years had persevered in their vain resolution. The boy had done his best; but his efforts had been little better than thrown away. The following, from Caesar's commentaries, affords a specimen of this young gentleman's powers of translation:—

"Now when they had fought incessantly six hours and not only the strength of our men failed them, the enemy pressed on them vigorously our men being weary they began to cut a trench and fill up the foss and now the affair might be led to an extreme misfortune. P. S. Baculus the vanguard centurion whom as we have shown was killed with many wounds in the Nervian battle and also C. Volusenus tribune of the soldiers a man great in valour and council ran to Gaul and learned the only safety to be united if an eruption being made the last help will be resorted to."

"The errors in translation," observed Mr Hill, "gross as they appear, were comparatively unimportant; the utter absence of that which had been sought at the expense of so much time and labour, was an evil serious in itself, but slight in comparison with another, which was equally evinced in this production—a most serious perversion of intellect. Into what a habit of self-delusion must that mind have been forced—he believed, by premature demands of its power—which could impose upon itself the belief that this jargon was the translation of any passage whatever. Strange as it might seem, the individual in question not only possessed talent, but a talent for languages. For science he had little power or inclination. The mode adopted in his case was, first to suspend the study of languages altogether, and to direct his attention to the various departments of an English course, which had been previously neglected, but in which, though much impeded by general distaste to study, he soon made fair progress. When it was deemed safe, he was admitted to the study of French, and in this he soon took great pleasure, making such progress, that in the course of the session just closing, he had read through several works of considerable length. At some future time, perhaps, the study of Latin might be resumed with results equally satisfactory."

Another boy (continued Mr Hill) had been placed under his care, fortunately at an early age, but with no love of knowledge or of regular employment; with great activity, nevertheless, as was often proved to the great annoyance of his neighbours, and the injury of whatever fell in his way; with so much perverseness, too, that his teacher's wish for the performance of a lesson was no small motive to its omission. In this case everything like study was at first set aside; his lessons were few and of the lightest kind; vent for his animal spirits was found in active exercise on the playground, and in the occupations of the manual

labour class. The first regular employment in which he took a decided pleasure was drawing, a pursuit to which much attention was paid in the school, and which frequently proved attractive to those who were insensible to all other allurements. Here he first tasted the pleasure of success, animated by which he proceeded through the English course, commenced the study of French, and after making considerable progress therein, had now opened with equal advantage upon Latin. All this had required much time and great patience; but the pleasing result was, that he was now become docile, and had acquired a sincere desire for knowledge, seconded by habits of punctuality, industry, and steady perseverance."

An anecdote related of another boy, who had, twenty years ago, attended the school, may be condensed into a few words. With a strong bias for mathematics, but with a comparatively limited capacity for languages, he had been forced by his parents to devote himself to the classics. On coming to Bruce Castle, the error was soon detected, and he was encouraged to attach himself to the routine of lessons most congenial to his tastes. He soon became an able draughtsman and mathematician. He constructed models, first of buildings and afterwards of machines. It was delightful to observe his progress under the influence of his predominating intellectual faculties. From being almost proverbially lazy, he became active, energetic, and persevering; and though he never was successful in the study of languages, he acquired such powers as enabled him most efficiently to pursue that course of life to which his tastes led him. Now, as a successful manufacturer, he is deriving very important advantages from his school acquirements; and it is pleasing to know that a just proportion of his attention is directed to the cause of science, which in one department stands indebted to him for a highly useful addition to its means of advancement.

Mr Hill made a few remarks on the general conduct of the school, in the course of which he observed, that whilst in relation to lessons punishment had been utterly discarded, it was found to be but very little needed for any purpose whatever. The severest form retained was confinement; but the small room appropriated to this purpose, and dignified by the name of prison, had during the half year been in use altogether little more than sixty hours. The conduct of the half year, however, had been excellent, as was evinced by the following fact:—He had long been in the habit of placing a sum, varied according to the number of pupils and the conduct of the school, at the disposal of a committee of boys, who expended it partly in additions to the school library, and partly in other purposes promotive of utility or of rational amusement. Had the conduct of the school been of a neutral character, this sum for the half year then closing would have been £.30; the actual amount was £.50.

On referring to a published "Sketch of the System of Education pursued at Bruce Castle," I find that the application of the youths to their tasks and their good conduct are sustained by a variety of means, all of them free from the character of coercion, yet apparently more powerful than the utmost exertion of force ever is. Good attainments and its opposite are alike recorded by marks or counters, the sum of which, at particular periods, infers certain indulgences and privileges, and the reverse. "All boys who have a certain position in conduct have each a claim to a small garden; those farther advanced are allowed to join, once every half year, in a day's excursion; those at the next stage in the account join in two such excursions; those yet higher are allowed each a small private room, to use as a study. Many other privileges are in like manner assigned to different stages of rank." The pupils are admitted to a considerable share in the government of the school. They choose a committee of their own number, who are intrusted with large powers, legislative and administrative, subject only to the veto of the master. For example, when an act of petty mischief takes place, and is not confessed, which is rarely the case, this committee raise a tax for its repair upon the boys known to be most liable to the fault of concealing such acts. The boys are divided into *circles* of ten, one of whom is guardian of the rest. It is the duty of the guardian to assist the members of his circle in all cases of difficulty, to remonstrate with them when they do wrong, and to obtain redress for them when they are injured; in a word, he is expected to act in every way as their kind friend and intelligent adviser. How different is this arrangement from the brutalising *fag system!* "It is not easy," says Mr Hill, "to estimate the advantage to a younger pupil of thus having an influential boy, whose interests are, as it were, wedded to his own. By constantly deriving benefit from his guardian's power, he learns to respect, and in time to emulate, the qualities on which that power is based. The advantage to the guardians is yet more striking. The weight of duty attached to the office, the strictness of the responsibility, the constant demand for energy, skill, and temper, and, lastly, the absolute necessity of setting a good example by zealous attention to school-duties, and good demeanour of every kind—all have a great and direct tendency to give strength and elevation to the character. So great is the effect thus produced, that we scarcely know an instance in which a boy, after closing his career at school, with the successful and prolonged fulfilment of this office, has failed of becoming a virtuous and successful man."

Mr Hill adds—"To keep up a high tone of moral feeling among our pupils is always a subject of anxious solicitude. Something we can accomplish by punishments, something also by rewards—more certainly by the latter than by the former; our great trust, however (when the child comes well prepared into our hands), is in the motives to follow virtue for its own sake, and for the happiness that is to be found in its path. We call upon our pupils to do good for the exalted pleasure of dispensing benefits; we wish to see them recoil from the idea of inflicting unnecessary pain not only on their fellow-beings, but on the meanest animal in existence; never forgetting that all are the work of a benevolent Creator, and entitled to protection from injury of every kind. When a boy leaves us distinguished alike for moral excellence and intellectual acquirements, his name is recorded on a tablet of honour, in order that his memory may continue to dwell in the minds of his former schoolfellows.

We are often gratified by a remark made by strangers, that there exists among our pupils an evident spirit of cheerfulness and friendly social feeling. We endeavour by all means in our power to encourage this spirit of harmony, convinced that the petty tyranny which too often prevails among young persons does much towards embittering their school days, and creating feelings which cause many a pang in after-life.

Pleasing instances of kindness, positive and negative, are of frequent occurrence. The following may be mentioned as a specimen of the latter kind:—Of two brothers who had recently entered the school, it became necessary that the elder, who showed a strong propensity to dishonesty, should be dismissed. At the time of his withdrawal, great anxiety was expressed by the friends of the boys, lest the younger should be rendered miserable by the taunts which it was supposed his brother's misconduct would necessarily draw upon him. Even the teachers, though they knew that full confidence could be placed in the general kindness of the school, did not deem it improbable that some annoyance had been given by one or two of the lower boys. But when the little fellow himself was interrogated, he at once answered that he never heard a single word on the subject."

To revert to the business of the day—Mr Hill said that as he had often explained the principles on which the testimonials of merit were awarded, he would merely remind his friends that they entirely discarded competition. Theoretically, it was possible that the whole school should obtain testimonials, and even that these testimonials should be of equal value, though certainly there was little chance of such a result in practice.

The testimonials having been distributed, Sir Dudley Hill delivered a short address, in the course of which he related an interesting anecdote respecting his son, who had been at Bruce Castle for four years. This young man, on entering at Addiscombe, made a distinguished appearance before the examiners. When about to leave the college, though younger than the other scholars examined, he was the first to answer the questions put, not only in Latin, mathematics, &c., but also with respect to fortification. He explained a battery of peculiar construction, there exhibited, with a correctness and presence of mind which the directors said could not have been surpassed if he had been an experienced officer. These accomplishments, and the commission in the Engineers by which they were rewarded, Sir Dudley said were primarily owing to his excellent education at Bruce Castle. Mr J. S. Buckingham related a similar anecdote respecting his own son, who had also been educated at Bruce Castle. Sir Robert Peel, meeting him in the lobby of the House of Commons, told him that he had some good news for him. Sir Robert proceeded to say, that a situation in the West Indies having fallen vacant, it became his duty to fill it up, when he found there were two hundred applicants for it. He, upon that, remarked he could do nothing with such a list, and sent it to the department with which the appointment was connected (the Customs), and requested the commissioners would decide who was fittest to fill it. My son, said Mr Buckingham, was not on the list. The situation was too good for him to think of applying for; but such had been his conduct, from the habits he had acquired at Bruce Castle, that his name was sent to Sir Robert Peel as the fittest person in the establishment to fill the vacant post; and, said Sir Robert, I have much pleasure in proving that political differences would not cause me to oppose the advancement of a son of yours, who has been recommended to me by his merit alone.

The proceedings of the day now closed, but I ought not to close my account of them without a word as to the motives which have determined me to notice them in this public manner. It may be asked, why thus call attention to one of many boarding academies, and thereby appear to promote a private interest? I answer that, while Bruce Castle is a private interest, it is one of a somewhat extraordinary nature, in which such friends of improved education as ourselves may well be expected to feel a friendly interest. Considering how severe a struggle all have to encounter who attempt to improve education, it is but right in those who wish to see education improved, to do what in them lies to encourage the champions of the cause. There are many seminaries in which noble efforts are

making to improve education, but we know of none in which more enlightened plans are adopted than in Bruce Castle; and partly for this reason, and partly because the public will enter upon the merits of an individual when a more general treatment of the subject would tire them, we adopt our present course.

MR KOHL IN AUSTRIA.

This amusing traveller, with whose clever pencilings of Russian scenery and manners we have already made our readers acquainted, has recently published another sketch-book of an equally entertaining and instructive character. It is entitled "A Hundred Days in Austria," and is written in Mr Kohl's native language—German. An English translation is now, however, before us.* The traveller set out on a summer morning in 1841, from "a quiet little farm on the banks of the Elbe," and taking his place at Dresden in a Saxon post-chaise (stage-coach), found himself in due time deposited at Teplitz, by way of which he entered the Bohemian frontier of the Austrian empire.

Nature may be said to have marked out Bohemia for a separate kingdom. It consists of a basin, each surrounding territory being shut out from it by a range of hills. Up to 1526, the country did, indeed, enjoy independence; but in that year it fell into the grasp of Austria, in which it has been since firmly retained. The greatest breadth of Bohemia is 170 English miles, and its greatest length 200. It is divided into sixteen "circles," or provinces, three of which border on Saxony, three on Silesia, three on Bavaria, and three on Moravia. One of the circles is next to Austria proper, and three are exactly central. The capital is Prague, where Mr Kohl established himself in lodgings "under the protection of the burgomaster." The central point of a country sharply cut off from the rest of the world, and witness constantly to new modifications of its political life, Prague," he says, "has become full of ruins and palaces, that will secure to the city an enduring interest for centuries to come." On sallying forth into the town, Mr Kohl's powers of keen observation were not employed in vain. One of the objects which first attracted his attention was the house in which the celebrated Dr Faustus is said to have lived. Little is known of the history of this early printer; and it has always been a matter of dispute whether he, or his associate John Guttenberg, was the inventor of printing; but the Bohemian version of the story, as reported by Kohl, sets the matter in a new and plausible light, by declaring both these names to have belonged to the same individual. "There lived," they say, "in the early part of the fifteenth century, in a Bohemian town called Guttenberg, or Kuttenberg, a man of the name of Joseph Tshastni. He was a learned man, and, after the fashion of the learned men of his time, he translated his Bohemian name into Latin, and called himself Faustus, for tshastni is the Tashkian word for happy. At the same time, according to a practice that also then prevailed among learned men, he added to his own name that of the place of his birth, and called himself Joannes Faustus Kuttenbergensis." In 1421, about the commencement of the Hussite war, he was driven from his country, and arrived as a fugitive at Strasburg, where he dropped the name of Faustus, and called himself simply Johanna Guttenberg." The visit to the residence of this famous person had a twofold object. "Mr Faustus," says the traveller, "must have been in comfortable circumstances, for the house is a large one, and has since been fitted up as a school for the deaf and dumb." It contained forty-one pupils, who are declared to be well-instructed. In his notice of the Prague Lunatic Asylum, it is gratifying to observe that the old barbarous system of treating our unfortunate fellow-creatures is being everywhere abolished. In the Prague institution, "constant occupation is looked upon as contributing more than any other means to a cure. We saw no less than forty or fifty poor lunatics engaged in mowing, digging, weeding, watering, planting, &c. With the exception of the strait-jacket, no species of corporal punishment is ever resorted to. Nearly all the work in the interior of the house is likewise performed by the patients, such as cleaning the rooms, making the beds, chopping wood, cooking, carrying water, and the like. For my own part, I experienced sincere satisfaction as I wandered about among the busy multitude, and thought of the principles by which such institutions were governed only thirty or forty years ago, of the scenes which were then daily witnessed there, of human beings laden with chains, or strapped to benches, and frequently scourged with revolting cruelty. A lunatic asylum in those days was a place in which madmen were shut up that they might not inconvenience the rest of the world; now, the object kept in view is to restore them to society. It is characteristic of music-loving Bohemia, that in the lunatic asylum of its capital, music should be considered one of the chief instruments for the improvement of the patients. In addition to the garden concerts, in which all assist who can, there are quartets every morning and evening in the wards, and a musical director is appointed for the express purpose of superintending this part of the domestic arrangements."

Prague is the head quarters of the German Jews,

10,000 of whom reside in the city. Of them our author furnishes some curious particulars, especially concerning the rabbi, "who continue to live after the fashion of the wise men of the east. They allow the light of their wisdom to shine upon the world in a very different way from our learned philosophers of Europe, who, unless when addressing a respectfully listening auditory from the rostrum, are seldom accessible to the multitude that stand so much in need of their instructions. Here the rabbis sit in the open market-place, like the kings and judges in eastern lands; and in their houses they sit with open doors, ready to receive and answer all who come for consolation or advice. This is particularly the case on the solemn festivals, when the rabbis receive all who come to them, their dwellings being looked upon, apparently, on those occasions less as private houses than as places of assembly for the whole congregation. The wife and daughters are generally found in an ante-room, where they receive the guest, and usher him into the inner apartment, into the presence of the rabbi, who, arrayed in his pontificals, generally sits at the end of a long table, encircled by a numerous assemblage of visitors, strangers, and friends. It was thus that I found the chief rabbi, Rappoport, whose acquaintance I was desirous to make. He had not yet laid aside the costume of the Jews of eastern Europe, and sat in his arm-chair in a black silk caftan and a high-furred cap. Israelites from Magdeburg, from Hamburg, from Warsaw, and from Amsterdam, were sitting around him, and other visitors were constantly arriving and departing. Mr Rappoport is an Aaronite, a distinction that carries with it privileges far more burdensome than profitable. One is, that every newly-born child is brought to an Aaronite that he may bless it. There are also some Levites at Prague, but they are less numerous than the Aaronites. The same is observed to be the case in all the other Jewish communities of Europe; and this, I was told, was because Cyrus, when he re-established Jerusalem, brought back to Palestine a greater number of Aaronites than of Levites." In Prague, the Jews reside, as in eastern cities, in a separate quarter of the town, called the *Judentadt*, which was considerably improved by a wealthy Hebrew, named Meissel. "He had inherited nothing from his father, and continued, till death, to be a dealer in old iron. He lived in the same modest and parsimonious manner as the majority of his nation; but with the money that he was thus able to save, he built the Jewish council-house at Prague, and four synagogues. Six streets were paved at his expense, and sixty poor people were weekly fed by him. No one knew whence his money came, or where he concealed it, but it was supposed that he had found a quantity of gold among some old iron that he had accidentally purchased." A more probable theory of his wealth may be sought for in Mr Meissel's thrifty habits, and being, probably, like the rest of his nation, a keen man of business.

Having seen much that was desirable in a city crowded with antiquarian and historical associations, Mr Kohl departed from Prague in an Austrian public carriage, called a *stellwagen*, and travelling through Budweis, entered Upper Austria on the banks of the Danube, at the fortified town of Linz, whose chief points of interest are its arabesque fortifications, a large carpet manufactory, and an extensive Jesuit college in full educational and clerical operation. Here Mr Kohl embarked on board the Archduke Stephen steam-boat, which was to transport him down the Danube to Vienna. In the chapter entitled, "The Picture-gallery between Linz and Vienna," he gives a panoramic sketch of all he saw and heard during the voyage. Mr Kohl's chief characteristic as a writer is extreme versatility; and the variety of subjects with which this section of the work is filled is really curious. Descriptions of scenery, historical essays, sketches of his travelling companions, anecdotes, and learned hydrographical disquisitions, follow in rapid succession. Nothing seems too abstruse, nothing too trivial, for the quick-witted German's pen. In one page Pinzgauer horses are mentioned; in another we have accounts of the amphibious doings of the Danube beaver; in a third we are introduced to a new order of nuns, placed in singular apposition to a reflection on Egyptian mummies, which, by a chain of connexion peculiar to our vivacious friend, brings in some curious particulars concerning lead-pencils. "I was just about to leave the front deck," he says, "when, among the crowd, I observed two black figures, who suggested to me, for the moment, that my last notion respecting the mummies was already in the course of fulfilment. On inquiry, I learned they were workmen from the celebrated plumbago mines near Marbach, a little picturesque village we had just left behind us. These mines have been worked from very ancient times, but of late they have acquired new importance. The English have found that this plumbago is well adapted to fill their lead-pencils, and they have, of late, imported it in tolerably large quantities. Last year, 2000 hundredweight were sent to England. Since then, the people of Vienna have bestowed a little more attention on the mines, and some new ones have been opened within the last two years. A company has been formed in Vienna for the exportation of this article, in which the Rothschilds had a share; and we had a young Saxon professor on board, who had visited the mines by the invitation of those gentlemen. It is remarkable that the Austrians do not rather make the pencils themselves; but the English understand

these things better, and have better wood for the purpose. They get the material pulverized from Austria, carefully consolidate, and enclose it in cedar wood, and then supply all the artists in the world. Their own mines become daily poorer, while those of Austria increase, as the rich material with which nature has abundantly supplied them becomes better known. Whilst the Saxon professor was obligingly explaining all this to us, the young German Italian took out her English blacklead-pencil, and gave it me, that it might write its own history in my note-book." The writer finding himself, by this time, opposite the ruins of Durenstein, they remind him—apropos of lead-pencils—of Richard I. of England, who, with his minstrel Blondel, was imprisoned in the castle for fifteen months by the cunning and terrible Archduke Leopold. At length, however, he gets to Vienna.

Like most continental cities, Vienna was originally a citadel, the confines of which are found, as population increases, too narrow, and suburbs gradually arise around the fortified walls. The nucleus, or city proper of Vienna, is only about three miles in circumference, but the whole of Vienna is at least ten miles round, and is in the form of a circle. A beautiful glacia, from two to three furlongs broad, planted with trees, and laid out with public walks, separates the city from the suburbs. Vienna contains above 300,000 inhabitants, and, from its size and wealth, better deserves to be compared with London or Paris than any other metropolis. Indeed, it unites the characteristics of both. Like the capital of Great Britain, it is a most important commercial entrepot; whilst, like Paris, it is famous for its manufacture of ornamental articles, and for its sway over the fashionable world of the north. "Vienna fashions and Vienna wares," Mr Kohl states, "exercise their influence not only along the whole course of the Danube to the Black Sea, but even in Poland and Russia." The following picture of street-life in Vienna gives a vivid though not very flattering notion of the city:—

"Perhaps in no city of Germany does there exist so peculiar a relation between the city properly so called and its suburbs, as in Vienna. Four-fifths of the population of Vienna live in the suburbs, &c. Prague, the city which offers the most direct contrast in this respect, is almost wholly city. The reason is, that Vienna, notwithstanding its antiquity, attained at a later period the dignity of being a sovereign's residence than Prague. In the twelfth century, Vienna occupied only the fifth part of the present site of the city, and only a fortieth of the whole space, including the suburbs; at that time Prague had nearly two-thirds of its present circumference. It is only within the last two hundred years, since the time of Rudolph II., whose general residence was Prague, that the emperors have resided constantly in Vienna. From that period, the extensive suburbs have grown around the heart of the capital, and hence the contrast between the commodiousness and regularity of plan in the former, and the extravagant maze of building within the walls of the city. The streets are narrow, the houses six, seven, and eight storeys high; and buildings, whose grandeur demands a great public square for their display, are stuck into narrow alleys, and lost in a forest of houses. In many of the streets, it has been impossible to make a trottoir half an ell in breadth; the carriages are often compelled to drive so sharply against the walls and windows of the houses, that it is an ordinary manoeuvre of the pedestrians of Vienna, to save themselves from a crush, by leaping on the steps of the vehicle. Carriages are sometimes to be seen with pedestrians clinging to it before and behind, and full often may they have occasion to thank heaven for having found a house-door open in time of need. The numerous thoroughfares, or *Durchhäuser*, through private houses and courtyards, to which the public has a conventional right of way, are of no small service to pedestrians. The whole city is pierced through and through with them, like an ant-hill, and those who have the clue of this labyrinth, may run a considerable distance under shelter, and avoid the dangers of the carriages altogether. In no other city of Germany is there so great or so uninterrupted a stream of vehicles; the corner houses are, in consequence, particularly protected against this dangerous flood. All of them in the heart of the city have large stones placed slantingly, armed with an iron cap and rings, as thick as a man's finger, and the extreme smoothness which these coats of mail usually display, shows how often carriages must have ground against them. The unlucky pedestrian is provided with no such defence, and it may be a question whether more people have their limbs crushed by chariot wheels in Vienna or in Bengal. All these evils have of late become more palpable with the growth of the suburbs, all of which naturally have their rendezvous in the centre of the city. Not only have the people of rank, who live in summer without the lines, their winter palaces within, but the merchants and manufacturers, although their dwelling-houses may be without in the suburbs, must have their shops, warehouses, and business localities in the city itself; and the majority of the inhabitants, for one reason or other, desire to possess a little *pied à terre* there. Shut up in its narrow middle-age armour of bastions, walls, and ditches, the city cannot extend itself as the suburbs have done, which have stretched further and further into the level country, and swallowed up village after village in an avalanche of houses. As in all other cities of Germany, the old wry-necked, crooked streets of Vienna

* Austria, by J. G. Kohl, forming parts 7 and 8 of the "Foreign Library;" Chapman and Hall, London.

have been patched and polished; the passage houses have been increased in number wherever it was possible; some buildings that were especially in the way have been bought at a high price and pulled down; all projections and exereceses have been pared away, and the pavement laid down is as good as can be wished. But in an old city like this, where the houses stand like rocks, and the streets run through them like gullies and mountain passes, improvement is no easy matter, and all efforts of the kind lag far behind the wants of the increasing population. The grand difficulty is the fortification of the inner city. This necessitates a breadth of space not less than from three to four hundred fathoms (the *glacis*) between the wall and the suburbs. If the works could be done away with altogether, and the glacis built over, the city and the suburbs would form one handsome and commodious whole."

The visits Mr Kohl made to the shops, gives scope for several instructive details respecting the manufactures of Vienna. He first notices the silversmiths, who, it seems, have by their superior skill withdrawn public patronage from Augsburg. Mohammed Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, has lately bespoken a splendid service of plate from a Viennese manufacturer. Stearine candles are also made in large quantities as substitutes for wax. "By the invention of stearine," exclaims the observant traveller, "tallow may be said to have been ennobled, and thus rendered admissible to the most distinguished drawing-rooms." An Englishman has an extensive factory for bronze articles, some of which are extremely handsome and tasteful. The people of Vienna are, it seems, unable to bind their own ledgers, and the most considerable book-binder is obliged to employ, for that solid and difficult work, three Englishmen, who preserve the secret of the process by working apart from their French and German colleagues. Cotton weaving is carried on extensively, and the yarn is imported from England, the native spinners not being able to compete with those of Manchester, who possess far greater advantages. "To mention one only: the Manchester spinners have a railroad to Liverpool, which enables them to purchase the cotton in smaller quantities, as they may want it. They may use it up to-day to the last thread, and send to-morrow to Liverpool for a new supply. It is therefore easy to follow every variation of price, buy small quantities when it is dear, and larger when it is cheap; whereas the spinners of Vienna, whether they will or not, must take large quantities at any price, lest their work should come altogether to a standstill." In the lighter and more ornamental branches of manufacture, the Viennese excel in cheapness, because graceful forms rather than solid quality are aimed at. "If a line were drawn from the Baltic to the Adriatic, no city would be found east of it which could compare with Vienna in the quality, taste, or low price of its manufactures. Their low price has often procured them a sale not only throughout Germany, but even in America. They make, for instance, ornamental clocks, of an elegance of which no drawing-room need be ashamed, for eight and nine florins each, and shawls for ten and twelve. The shawl manufacture is one of the most considerable; more so, indeed, than any other in middle or eastern Europe. The low price of the shawls has produced a great demand for them in Turkey. A shawl manufacturer, whose word I have no reason to mistrust, thought there could not be less than four thousand persons employed in Vienna on those articles; and this fact is the more remarkable, as the rise of this branch of manufacture dates only from the year 1812."

The Austrians, compared with the more grave and staid Germans, are an amusement-loving and vivacious people; Vienna, therefore, is famed for its public gardens and other places of entertainment. Those of our readers who have waltzed to the inspiring strains of Strauss and Lanner, will perhaps be pleased to know how these potencies of dance-music dispose of themselves in their native city. "No parties at Vienna are so numerous as the musical ones, which have their ramifications from the highest society to the very lowest. Strauss, the most celebrated concert master, Lanner, the most original, and Fahrbach, also well-known to fame, are the leaders and demigods of these meetings, the tribunes of the people in Vienna. Like the Roman tribunes, they exert themselves to the utmost to enlarge and strengthen their party. When at Sperle, or in the public gardens, they flourish their bows in elegant little temples, amidst a grove of orange trees, rhododendrons, and other plants, and execute the newest and most effective compositions with their perfectly organised bands (Strauss enrolls none but Bohemians); they seem in a measure the chiefs and leaders of the public. Before them stands a listening throng, with whom they are constantly coqueting, nodding to their friends in the midst of their work, and giving them a friendly smile as they execute some difficult passage. Every distinguished effort is rewarded by loud applause, and new or favourite pieces by a stormy 'Da Capo.' Even in the common dancing-rooms, the music is so little secondary, that the dance is often interrupted by a tumult of applause for the musicians and composers. Even at the fêtes of the Schwarzenbergs and Lichtensteins, a certain familiar understanding with the favourite musicians may be observed, which, among a people less enthusiastic in the matter of dance-music, would be thought out of place." We may add, that since the above was

written, one of these renowned composers has been removed from the festive scenes of this world. His rival headed the funeral with his own hand, which, as a mark of respect and deep affliction, played several of the deceased's most popular waltzes. As the procession passed through the city, many bystanders were moved even unto tears at this lively mark of mourning.

After quitting Vienna, Mr Kohl made his way to Pesth, the capital of Hungary, whither, we regret, our limited space forbids us for the present to follow him. We cannot, however, close this notice without awarding every commendation to the translator, whose task has been extremely well performed. He has added, as occasion seemed to require, a few useful notes, tending to elucidate points in the text with which the English reader is but little acquainted. These notes prove him to possess the too rare qualification of a translator—a complete knowledge of the subject of his work, as well as of the language in which it was originally written.

MORAL ELEVATION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

The Sussex Advertiser publishes at length the proceedings of all benefit clubs and associations for Sunday schools within its district, under the belief that these institutions are signs of an advancing civilisation. In a recent article, it presents the following remarks:—"Comfort and knowledge are reciprocating agents; while comfort empowers a man himself to attain or to bestow knowledge upon his children, the acquisition is seen to lead to the increase of its first promoter. For these reasons benefit societies, savings' banks, and Sunday schools, are amongst the best and most practical modern contrivances to begin, continue, and confirm the progression of the artisan and the labourer towards that degree of happiness which it has pleased providence to allot to human beings and human exertions, according to their capacities and stations. We have called these institutions humble and unpretending. It may seem to some that processions and bands and dinners scarcely belong to such professions. But relaxation and recreation are as necessary to man as food and air; and perhaps amongst the things most wanting are amusements, innocent, yet sufficiently exciting to draw the people from habits of vice and intemperance to more humanising pursuits. Many games in youth invigorate the body and the faculties generally; we would, therefore, encourage such sports as cricketing, quoits, bowls, and the like. These belong more especially to the village, where the numbers are few; in towns, where the population is more dense, spacious grounds for public exercise and amusement should obviously be provided.

There is one instance of the kind so noble, that we cite it as a perfect illustration of what we would inculcate. Messrs Strutt are large manufacturers at Derby, and these gentlemen have not very long ago assigned for ever a pleasure-ground of eleven acres, planted, and adorned, and accommodated with seats and buildings, to the inhabitants. This splendid donation, which will carry down their names to posterity as the benefactors of their race, is, however, but the crowning act of the arrangements they have made to elevate their workmen. They have planned and established evening assemblies, where the same amusements that the rich and the polite enjoy, are pursued with not less zest and with a degree of ability not much, probably, below their superiors in station; music, chess, conversation, books, and engravings have their turn. The gentlemen of the firm, and we believe the ladies of their family, attend these parties, and by their example and courtesy instruct and civilise those from whose labour they derive their wealth. This, we shall be told, belongs to large factories and numerous artisans. Granted. There are, however, few places where the principle may not be carried out to a *proportional* extent. Almost every village has greatly more means of promoting both the health and happiness of the inhabitants, could they but be brought to exert their several powers for the general amusement, than is at present imagined. It is astonishing what very small sums, judiciously employed, will effect for the purposes we have endeavoured to explain. The Reverend Edwin Sidney, of Ale, a Norfolk clergyman, has infused a spirit of inquiry, and at the same time amused and instructed his whole neighbourhood, by lectures on various topics connected with rural life and economy, to a degree incredible to those who have not witnessed the effect of his liberal exertions; he is idolised by all his neighbours, rich and poor. The whole character of his vicinage is elevated. It is the *exclusive* character of English society that is the great bar to this species of social improvement; and now, when one of the most momentous signs of the times is that *enlargement and confirmation of the claims of the industrious classes to partake of the wealth they earn*, this especial and important illustration of the great truth, that property has its duties as well as its rights, should of all things not be forgotten or neglected. A fatal deterioration in the moral relations of rural life has arisen out of what has been called the cottage system. When the farm-servant was a resident in his master's house, as used to be the case half a century ago, rural life was almost patriarchal; the family, the children, the goods, the land, the crops, in truth, the everything, was held by the domestic almost as part and parcel of his own property, and altogether made up the sum of his care, concern, and affection. This was—

"When service sweat for duty, not for meed."

The feeling was incorporated with his very language. *Our* farm, *our* master, *our* children, was his mode of describing all that surrounded him. Now, alas! in but too many instances the compact is a mere money bargain, which is driven on both sides upon self-interest, and the effects are but too visible in the depressed state of the morals of that class of society, which was once the subject of universal praise for innocence and purity. Is this

mere individual opinion? The reports of the poor-law commissioners, as well as every day's observation, will bear us out in the assertion, that it is but too strongly confirmed by general facts."

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND TOM PURDIE.

Two or three more fish were taken amongst the stones at the tail of the cast, and the sport in the carry-wheel being now ended, the fish were stowed in the hold of the boat, the crew jumped ashore, and a right hearty appeal was made to the whisky bottle. It was first tendered to the veteran, Tom Purdie, to whom it was always observed to have a natural gravitation, but to the astonishment of all, he barely put his lips to the quaigh, and passed it to his nephew. "Why, uncle, man, what the deil's come o'er ye? I never kent ye refuse a drapie afore; no, not sin I was a callant. I cannae thole to see you gang that gaith." "Why, I'll tell ye what it is, Charlie. I got a repreef from Sir Walter for being fou the ither night." "Eh, uncle, how was that?" "Why, says Sir Walter, 'Tom,' says he, 'I sent for ye on Monday, and ye were not at hame at eight o'clock; I doubt ye were fou, Tom. I'll joust tell ye the hale truth,' says I; 'I gae round by the men at wark at Rymer's Glen, and came in by Tarfield; then I went to Darnick, and had a glass o' whisky wi' Sandy Trummel at Susy's, and I was joust coming awa when Rob steppit in, and cried for a half-a-mutehkin. I was na for takin' mair, but the glasses were filled, and I did not like to be beat wi' them, so I took mine. And is that all you had, Tom?' said Sir Walter. Ay, indeed was it," said I; "but heaven have a care o' me, I never was the waur of it, till I was ganging up by Jemmy Mercer's by Coats's Green; anf when I can up by Kaeaside, I wanted to see Maister Laidlaw, but I thocht I durstnae gang in; and how I got hame I dinna ken, for I never minded it na mair; but our wife was in a terrible bad key i' the morning, because I was sair wanted last nicht. 'Well,' said the maister, 'ye mun never do the like again, Tom.' We then gaed to the woods, and thinned the trees; and I laboured with the axe at thaet that Sir Walter marked. 'Now, Tom,' says he, 'you will go home with me, for you have been working very hard, and a glass of whisky will do you good'; and he cawed to Nicholson to bring Tom a glass o' Glenlivet. I tuk it down; and, man, if ye'd found it, it beat a' the whisky I ever tasted in my life. 'Well, Tom,' said Sir Walter, 'how do you feel after it? Do you think another glass will do ye ony harm?' I said naething, but I thocht I wad like anither, and Nicholson poured out ane, and I tuk it. Then the maister said, 'Tom, do ye feel onything the waur o' it?' Na, na, said I; but it's terrible powerfu', and three times as stram as ony whisky I ever drank in my life. 'Then, Tom,' says Sir Walter, 'never tell me that three glasses o' Susy's whisky will fill ye fou, when ye have drunk twa of mine, which you say is three times as strong, and you feel all the better for it.' Hey, man, I never was so ta'en by the face in a' my life! I didna ken where to luke. The deil fa me if ever he catch me sae again."—*Scrope's Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing*.

LETTER IN THE WESTMORELAND DIALECT FROM ONE FARMER'S WIFE TO ANOTHER.

DEAR DOLLY—I hot we sud have a bit on a crack a Sunday when chich was loazed.¹ I'd ha shouted on her, but Mister N—— was ganging by a top o' his Galloway, so I didn't loike, so I send her this insteud. We's thinking o' getting in better end o' crops, for weather looks hazzard, and terrible thunder-facky, and it's loike we's have girl^s pells afore nite. I think, by and by, I sal addle² three sillin a-week wi' barking³ as my mister is pede,⁴ Ise flate⁵ he's dark before long, and then I sal na but be hankled⁶ wi' him. Lile Johnny is waxed a deal, but lass⁷ scattered a top o' t' road forend t' week, and he's been varn tired of his legs ever sin'; but he's varn weel⁸ hissel, and varn witty, and he's getting blackbearees. I hope, dear Dolly, all's in guid⁹ littie wi' yow. My compliments till' mister; I seed him ya day fore end t' week; I hope he's weel, but Ise flate he's no quite better yet. Your loving cousin,

AGGY BRAITHWAITE.

THE ANSWER.

DEAR AGGY—I se thanks her for her bit o' pepper, and I was ill grieved na to ha written yow afor t' week end, but I'se willy stowed¹⁰ wi' barns,¹¹ and is all in a serrough.¹² Michael's been liggin a bed sin Sonda wi this missels,¹³ and Maths's beginning; it's varn smittle,¹⁴ and doctor's bin and salivated biggest on 'em. He! puir things! We'd a girt to do amongst beasts, and we's scarce a wicken¹⁵ left, for Michael left open garden yate, and a lock¹⁶ on t' em gitten in and willy pussind¹⁷ them selves wi' laure leaves. We's lit on a fine stout lass, but she's so terrible flate¹⁸ of boggarts,¹⁹ that we canna get her out at nite at sara cauvess,²⁰ or sic like. If you can light o' an²¹ gin Candlemas, we's be glad to ken, as Mary loike at gang. Lile²² Maths's gettin at turnin' penny; fore end t' week he's gettin doctor's fire-elden,²³ and mister gives him a bit o' brass for sic torneys.²⁴ I seed yow too in chich, just as parson was gittin up t' cupboard,²⁵ and thot to set yow bit of tway hame, but my mister wud gang afor Joseph Crosthwaite had clerkt his last amen, as we had varn murky roads to travel, and I'd dinner to mak' ready wi' pes-pies²⁶ and boiled dam-sels.²⁷ Now, fare ye weel,

DOLLY SWAINSON.

1 Came out.	2 Great pearls.	3 Ears.	4 Peeling wood.
2 Blifd of an eye.	3 Afraid.	7 Encumbered.	5 Little.
9 Let him fall.	10 Going prosperously.	11 Encumbered.	
12 Children.	13 Bustie.	14 Measles.	15 Catching.
16 Live one.	17 Parcel.	18 Poisoned.	19 Frightened.
20 Ghosts.	21 Feeding calves.	22 Little.	23 Fuel.
24 Jobs.	25 Pulpit (not common).	26 Peas.	27 Damsons.

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